№ 129.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M. R. S. L. With Twenty Medallion Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

[Continued.]

We must again express our regret that Mr Stebbing has not devoted a chapter to Pulci. His 'Morgante Maggiore' was published seven or eight years before the 'Orlando Innamorato' of Boiardo; and he, therefore, may claim to be considered the founder of Italian Romance. He looks like the founder of modern banter and burlesque. His poem would deserve to be regarded as a curiosity, were it only for containing passages which seem to be the germ of the style of Voltaire; but, while it has others of a less entertaining singularity,—attributable, perhaps, to a half-admiring, half-bantering imitation of the popular story-tellers, and, as Dryden says of another poet, sometimes "runs upon a flat" for too long a time, it is highly worthy of perusal throughout. Morgante is a good-natured, friendly giant. Onthe other hand, we have a giant named Margutte, who is a personification of an impudent and disgusting worldliness. The poem concludes with a fine description of the death of Orlando at Roncesvalles. We cannot read the first canto without discovering the author's genius, both for tenderness and wit. Of the latter, in corroboration of what we have said respecting the style of Voltaire, we will lay a specimen before the reader, in a few stanzas from that canto. The passages respecting the manna are highly Voltairesque.—

Orlando comes upon a set of monks in a desert, who are pestered by three giants, their neighbours. The giants, who are of course infidels or Mahometans, are in the habit of throwing great stones at the abbey, so that the monks cannot go out for provisions. Orlando, in his knight errantry, comes to the abbey door and knocks for some time in vain. At length he is let in, and the abbot apologizes by stating the blockade in which they are kept. The holy father then proceeds to make some very singular comments:—

'Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,
Se le lor opre sante erano e giúste,
Del ben servir da Dio n' aver buon merto:
Né creder sol vivessin di locuste:
Piovea dal ciel la manna, questo è certo;
Ma qui convien che spesso assaggi e guste
Sassi, che piovon di sopra quel monte
Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

E'l terzo, ch' è Morgante, assai piu fiero,
Isveglie e pini e faggi e cerri e gli oppi,
E gettagli infin qui: questo è pur vero,
Non posso far che d' ira non iscoppi.
Mentre che parlan cosi in cimitero,
Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi;
Che da 'giganti giù venne da alto
Tanto, ch' e' prese sotto il tetto un salto.

Tirati dentro, cavalier, per Dio,
Disse l'abate, che la manna casca.
Rispose Orlando: caro abate mio,
Costui non vuol che'l mio caval piu pasca:
Veggo che lo guarrebbe dal restio:
Quel sasso par che di buon braccia nasca.
Rispose il santo padre: io non t'inganno;
Credo che'l monte un giorno gitteranno.'

The eremites of old, if just and true
And righteous in their works, had blessed cheer;
God's servants in those days no hunger knew,
Nor lived on those same locusts all the year;
Doubt not they had the rain of manna too:
But as for us, our pretty dishes here
Are stones; which Passamont and Alabaster
Rain down upon our heads, by way of taster.

And yet those two are nothing to the third:
He tears me up whole trees, whole horrid oaken
Trunks by the roots: he does, upon my word—
Our heads infallibly will all be broken."

While thus, as if he could be overheard
The monk stood talking low, there came a token
So close upon the horse, it seemed all over
With the poor devil, who leaped under cover.

"For God's sake come in doors, Sir!" cried the priest
"The manna's falling!" "'Tis, indeed, said t'other;
They seem to grudge his feed to the poor beast·
They'd cure his restiveness. Well, such another
Stunner as this, proves no weak arm at least,
No son, dear abbot, of a feeble mother."
"The Lord!" exclaimed the monk, "look down upon us!
Some day, I think, they'll cast the mountain on us."

Boiardo, the other father of romantic Italian poetry (for these authors were probably occupied with their productions at the same period, and the Orlando Innamorato was the undoubted precursor of the great work of Ariosto), was a poet of singular good fortune. He was successful in the world, and yet unspoiled by it. He was one of those feudal barons of whom we read in romances, and yet accomplished enough to write a romance himself. He was rich, admired, beloved; and, though he shone at courts and festivals, passed the greater part of his time in sylvan shades, and the composition of poetry.

'Sometimes in Ferrara,' says Mr Stebbing, 'and at others at Scandiano, he shared his honours between the splendid amusements of a courtier, and the luxurious reveries of a poet. The rank and fortune he possessed secured him from the cares to which by far the greater number of literary men are subject; and, which was still further conducive to the tranquillity of both his mind and his life, he reaped the golden harvest of fame as quickly as he sowed the seed. Unlike most other writers, especially of long narrative poems, he had not to wait for years before he could meet the encouraging smile of applause;—or to labour at correction, and then depend, when all is finished, on the capricious humour of the public. As soon as a Canto was composed, he took it with him to Ferrara, and there, in the presence of a brilliant Court, of which every member from the Prince to the youngest page, was prepared to applaud him, he recited his gay and charming inventions.'—Vol. II. p. 10.

We are not acquainted with the poem of Boiardo. We have that pleasure to come, and are enabled to indulge it by its long-desired re-publication, with which the zeal of Signor Panizzi has at length favoured the world. It is so rare, even in Italy, that we enquired for it in vain among the booksellers of two of the principal cities in that country. Berni's Rifacimento we know, and a very charming poem it is, more abundant in some of the delights of fiction and scenery than the Furioso itself; but we never supposed that the most serious and earnest parts of it were furnished by the wit and man of the world, who remodelled the original. These we fully expect to find in the old romancer. Boiardo's name and title sound like a romance,—Matto Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano. Mr Stebbing relates a popular anecdote of him, which is of doubtful authenticity, but which, from the very singularity of it, and the romance of the poet's habits, we are inclined to believe. Speaking of the scenery in the neighbourhood of his estate, the feudatories of which are supposed to have furnished him with appellations for his heroes,—Gradasso, Mandricardo, Sacripante, and others,—his biographer adds (noticing at the same time the doubtfulness of the tradition), 'It was while hunting in the woods of Fracasso, a short distance from Scandiano, that he discovered a name for his chief character. He had been long, it is said, in vain endeavouring to invent one which should be sufficiently sounding for a hero of the highest prowess and valour. All at once, Rodomonte started into his mind, and instantly turning his horses head towards Scandiano, he rode rapidly to the castle, and ordered all the bells to be rung in honour of Rodomonte, filling his vassals, it is said, with astonishment, as they had never heard before of such a saint.' —Vol. II. p. 7.

The mixt pleasantry and enthusiasm of this incident, renders it, we think, exceedingly probable. It is very like what one should expect from a man who united the vivacity of a court gallant with the fervour of a bard. The ostentatious magniloquence of the character in his poem, which he thus christened, has made the name pass into a proverb. From Rodomonte we have *rodomontade*.

Before we proceed further, we must correct a mistake in our former article. We said that Mr Stebbing had made no mention of Rucellai. We had overlooked the name. He speaks of him in the second volume under the head of his friend Trissino, but he says nothing of his only popular poem, Le Api, a Virgilian composition, of great taste and sweetness. The mistake in the notice of Ariosto, of attributing to Pope an epitaph by Cowley, must be a slip of the memory. With the remarks on the want of a moral in Ariosto's poem, we do not altogether coincide; but the following passage appears to us to be beautifully written by Mr Stebbing, and to contain a delightful image:—

'Morality is the true foundation of unity, and the latter never exists in poetry or painting but when the writer or artist is powerfully impressed with some ruling sentiment, round which his thoughts and the creations of his imagination may cluster, and which may be as an imperishable altar of gold, on which love and romance may safely burn their incense, rendered more precious and odorous by the very sacredness of the altar.'—Vol. II. p. 82.

Upon the whole, the criticism on Ariosto's poem is one of the best in the book.

'Imagination,' says Mr Stebbing in one part of it, 'never gave birth to a greater, or more splendid variety of scenes, incidents, and characters; and never did poet hold the minds of his readers more completely captive to the charm of his song. At one time, we seem carried by some magic car over wide-stretching countries, varied with every wonder and glory of Nature; at others, led by a hermit, or the singing of a solitary bird, through green and quiet dells; then again transported through the air, and, making our passage amid gorgeous clouds, we find ourselves on tented battle-fields, or surrounded by throngs of dames and barons, in the hall of some lordly castle. Nor does the charm of the poet consist only in this wild variety and brilliancy of the objects with which it regales the fancy. Both the sentiments and incidents are often exquisitely tender and impassioned: gaiety and splendour give way to pathos, and the music of the verse becomes as deep and plaintive as it was before light and flowing.'—Vol. II. p. 86.

[To be concluded.]

THE WHITE HUNTER AND HIS INDIAN BRIDE.

A TALL athletic white man, as the sun sunk slowly behind the western foreign shade, was seen to enter a lonely cabin, upon the woody shores of the Miami. He had scarcely thrown off his hunting apparatus, before the horrid war-cry of the ferocious Sioux struck upon his ear; and soon a numerous band bounded, like startled deer, through the frail barrier of his dwelling. Here, however, they met with an unfriendly reception; for, soon the sharp report of the hunter's rifle announced the departure of an Indian's spirit to the hunting-ground of the blest. They then bound him, and departed towards the setting sun; and, on the evening of the succeeding day, drew near to the village of their tribe. Here they halted, and sent forward a deputation to inform the chiefs of their return. On the return of the messengers, the whole party moved onward. The village exhibited a long dark row of swarthy old men, squaws, and children, who lined both sides of the open trail; and upon seeing their well-known friends, screamed out with horrid yells. One singularly-dressed squaw (the wife of the fallen chief), tore handfuls from her dishevelled locks, while she laid her flesh open to the bone with a sharp instrument, and continued howling the death-cry of the Sioux; but, upon seeing the white hunter, as he ran the gauntlet, she caught a hatchet from the hands of a warrior, and gave the victim a deep wound in the thigh; then, pressing the crimsou fluid to her lips, she returned the hatchet to its owner: and, shaking her finger at the hunter with a hollow laugh, entered a neighbouring lodge, while the hunter was conducted to prison. As the first rays of morning gleamed upon the hill, the hunter saw through the crevises of his prison, numerous swarthy chieftains moving amid the vistas of the forest, towards the council fire. Half an hour or more passed, and the hunter, tortured with suspense, turned from the openings in his apartment, and threw himself upon the boughs of pine which composed his bed. At that instant, he heard a rustling outside, and immediately a window opened in what heretofore had appeared to him to be solid logs, through which a young Indian maiden entered. She at once, with a sharp knife, severed the withs that confined his arms, and set him at liberty, She then placed her hand upon her breast, while a deep sigh burst from her lips; and, raising her eyes, said, in the hunter's tongue. "The Sioux chiefs have doomed you to be burnt;—but the Sioux maiden loves the pale chief. She has set him at liberty;—will the pale face, in return, let the light fawn live in his wigwam?"

"God knows I will!" cried the young hunter in ecstacy.

"It is enough," said the maiden: then turning, she blew a small reed, and presently three savages entered, bearing each a knapsack, gun, and other equipments for a march. She pointed to a heap of dry drift wood, which the savages quickly moved; and handed to the hunter his trusty rifle, and a knapsack well lined with provisions. They then assisted the maiden to climb to the window, and she was safe on the other side, followed by the hunter, and the three Indians, who struck off into a lonely and rugged trail, and were soon far from the Sioux lodge. When the evening shades settled down upon the leafy forest, they reached a Chippewa village. Here, upon declaring their wishes to a French Jesuit, who married them, they were received with open arms by the chiefs, who gave them a beautiful hut on the borders of a pleasant stream, and bade them live in safety. The white man soon became a favourite with the Chippewa chiefs, and one morning against the wishes of his lovely wife, joined a hunting expedition towards the west. Three tedious weeks had rolled away, and nought was heard of the little band; but on the evening of the first day of the fourth week, an Indian runner, breathless with haste, entered the village, and soon communicated to the Indian girl the sad news of her husband being captured and doomed to death by a party of her incensed nation. She spoke not,—for a long time she stood motionless; then, as though a ray of hope had dispelled the forebodings of her imagination, she departed towards the west, with the utmost secrecy, and in the course of the next day, stood upou a high ascent, which overlooked the village of the Sioux. Loud war-hoops fell upon her ear, sending back the warm blood to her heart. She looked again towards the village, and perceived a prisoner led out, and bound to the stake. She uttered a faint scream, darted down the hill with the rapidity of the elk, entered the circle, and threw herself upon her husband's neck. "The squaw of the pale chief will die with him," answered she, to her husband's reproof for seeking him.

The eyes of the painted warriors glistened with tears of admiration, at this token of love; but their hearts were changed to stone, by the hoarse voice of their chieftain, commanding them to sing the war-song of the Sioux, as he advanced with his lifted tomahawk towards the prisoner. For a moment he gazed upon the hunter's features, and then with a horrible denunciation, let fall the glittering hatchet, but the girl sprang forward, and received the blow. Then, with an angelic smile, she pressed the hand of her husband, and fell lifeless into the arms of her agonized father. The chief cast one look upon the remains of his once lovely daughter —and then bidding the hunter depart in safety to the land of his fathers, he buried his head in his blanket, and was led by the young warriors to his lodge. The hunter, after shedding tears of deep sorrow over the light fawn's grave, returned to the settlement of the whites on the shores of the Atlantic, while the Sioux chief wandered forth upon the banks of the Miami, an unhappy maniac.—*The Boston Traveller.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.—This game is generally allowed, we believe, to possess as great or greater interest than any other of the sedentary ones. But this is not its only recommendation. There are many people, to whom a certain degree of excitement is necessary, which they procure by various means, and among them by playing at cards. But one great objection to all games at cards is, that being mainly, or at least in a great degree, dependant on chance, they are so insipid as to require, to make them at all interesting, the additional strong stimulus of money, and that to no fixed amount, but just according to the extent of the gambling spirit in the players. They frequently defeat, besides, their own legitimate object, amusement, by giving rise to all sorts of petty animosities and contentions, the more common, as success or failure cannot be accurately divided between chance and skill. Chess is liable to none of these objections. It is not played for gain, because it supplies sufficient excitement without that aid. Its interest is formed by the multitude of the pieces, the variety and close connection of their movements. Another advantage is, that it is played by the smallest number that can play at any game. The idea entertained by many, that it is an abstruse and difficult game, and requires a great deal of time and study to get a knowledge of it, is perfectly erroneous. Like anything else where skill is concerned, it would take some time to excel in it; but that is not at all necessary in order to be amused; and any one, who had played a few games, enough to make him feel interested, would derive as much (or more) pleasure in his progress to farther knowledge, as if he already knew all that he could learn. It is a game that very well suits all countries, but more particularly the very cold or very warm ones: in the former, where out-door amusements must necessarily be few, it is a good fire-side companion; in the latter, the intensity of the heat, for the greatest part of the day at least, makes all violent exercise and even great talking painful, and renders this quiet game very acceptable, whether played in the house or in cool shady places in the open air. A great and often effectual obstacle to some amusements (billiards, for instance) is the expence. It is none to this. The first cost is the whole, and that is so small, that a good and durable set of men and board might be purchased for one pound—a price which could not well be heavy to those who had any time for recreation. The merits of Chess then are these: its cheapness, its adaption to the climate, the great interest it creates, and its freedom from those ill consequences which attend most other great excitements; it will not, like excessive drinking, insure a headache, or, like great eating, a nightmare, to those who indulge in it. It affords room, besides, for a little pleasant politics, and will give cause for triumph, in the various changes of the game, to men of all opinions. The loyal man will delight to see the king trampling upon the hostile plebeians; and how the Jacobin will exult (the Habeas Corpus being restored) when an insolent pawn, regardless of rank and dignity, arrests the progress of a king, or captures a helpless bishop! It has been thought that chess might, by long study and practice, be reduced to a mathematical calculation. This may possibly have been done in Turkey or the East, where the people are fond of it to excess, and frequently play it all day, or by some individuals elsewhere; but it is not at all likely that the inhabitants of this country, considering the coldness of the climate, and the general attention to business, will ever pursue it with much ardour.—*Yellow Dwarf.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT

DRURY LANE.—King Richard III.—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio—The Omnibus—and the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

THE manager of this theatre says he has prevailed on Mr KEAN to re-appear for a few nights in some of his best characters; and Mr KEAN accordingly presented us last night with that of *Richard III.* He was welcomed, if not with the thunder of a whole house, yet with the acclamations and waving hats of an enthusiastic pit; nor was a good deal of applause wanting from some other parts of the house. It was not the deafening crash of his most favoured times; but considering the formal dislike of some persons to any kind of broken word, the jealousy of others, and the grudges of various sorts which may be supposed to beset the return of such a man to the stage, it was a handsome reception. For our parts, we think the broken promises of a man of genius much more excusable than those of lovers; and, in our critical capacity, we felt thankful to Mr KEAN for letting us again behold him. He is unquestionably the finest actor we ever saw. Nobody comes near him except MACREADY; and he, we think, even surpasses him in one point,—the expression of domestic tenderness. KEAN's tenderness is a voluntary grace; MACREADY's, a real emotion. In everything else, though more approached by that fine actor than any other, he reigns lord paramount.

We say reigns, for he still does so, having resumed his dominion; but we are sorry to add. that he does not grasp his sceptre with the same physical force, nor can he issue his commands so loudly. In plain words, his voice, which was never of the strongest, painfully fails at times; nor does he distribute over his evening's performance the same amount of vigour as formerly. But we look upon the falling off as entirely physical; at least there was nothing in the performance of last night, to indicate that it had anything to do with mental decay. All the fine points appeared to us as well conceived as ever, and only impeded (when they were so) by manifest bodily weakness. In the tent scene for instance, where he starts up from his horrid dream, he made such a feeble business of the rush forward (or coming rather) that the house seemed inclined to be angry with it:—yet he began it, on first awaking, with as fine a dismal and natural groan as tragic spectator could desire; and it was clear to us, that his bodily strengh suddenly failed him. So in "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for horse!"—he could hardly get the words out; and a similar want of power was observable throughout the play generally It was thought at first, that he was husbanding his strength; but it did not turn out so. We could not help persuading ourselves that Mr KEAN might recover all that he wanted. There is nothing in his time of life to hinder it, if the excitements of his style of acting and the consequences but too natural to them do not hinder it. We have always wondered how actors of sensibility could bear up as they have done; and we have had a profane notion in consequence, that GARRICK could not have been quite so fine as he was described. KEMBLE had no more wear and tear than a statue. We fancied Mr KEAN looked a little larger than he used in the cheeks.

While speaking of deficiencies, we will notice the only fault we observed in this great actor last night,—which we take to be a common one with him, and hardly to have been expected in a man of his extreme sense of the natural. We do not mean to applaud the homely natural at the expense of the proper tragic mixture of the natural and ideal, which no man exhibits better than he, even in the passages in which he seems most familiar; for the ideal is only the imaginative added to the extreme of feeling, or rather the extreme in the most imaginative state of which it is capable; and there is always a certain grace as well as force of truth in what appear to be the homeliest of Mr KEAN's ebullitions. But in the instances we allude to, which are those of the more tranquil kind, he appears to us to abandon his usual relish of the truth, for a strange kind of acquiescent commonplace, little to be expected of him. Thus, last evening, in speaking the fine lines descriptive of the noises of either army the night before the engagement, he did not pause, and hearken (as it were) over them,—he did not lay forth his ear to catch the sounds, or look as if he was particulrrly sensible of them. He did little but repeat the verses with an undulating tranquillity of recital, like some mild gentleman with an Enfield Speaker reading them out of the book.

But low fine he is, when he *is* fine! how true! how full of gusto! how intense! what a perfect amalgation there is of the most thorough feeling and the most graceful idealism! The first four lines which *Richard* utters on coming on,

> 'Now is the winter of our discontent, &c.'

were as beautifully delivered as they ever could have been, especially the last;

> 'And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
> *In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.*

KEAN, in speaking this last line, held forth his arm, and in a beautiful style of deliberate triumph, uttering his words with inward majesty, pointed his finger downwards; as if he saw the very ocean beneath him from some promontory, and beheld it closed over the past.

Several of his favourite passages were given with their old effect, notwithstanding what has been said above. Among them was the question about *Stanley's* friends, "What do they in the North?" &c. and particularly the order for *Buckingham's* execution. We think we never heard the latter given even so finely. There was a contemptuous levity on the word "*Buckingham*,"—a sort of fondness and *forsoothness* of sarcasm (if the expression be allowed us) which seemed to set the poor Duke and his pretensions at a distance ludicrously immeasurable. The points in the wooing scene with *Lady Ann* were also much applauded,—the only unnatural scene (for we cannot help thinking it so) in SHAKSPEARE.

But the crowning point was the look he gave *Richmond*, after receiving the mortal blow. This has been always admired; but last night it appeared to us that he made it longer and therefore more ghastly. He stood looking the other in the face, as if he was already a disembodied spirit, searching him with the eyes of another world; or, as if he silently cursed him with some new scorn, to which death and its dreadful knowledge had given him a right. We thought he overdid the subsequent length of the *talk of him*, while lying on the ground: but his look was still very terrible.

Mr WALLACK came forward after the tragedy, to give the new pieces,—and afterwards did give them out,—but Mr KEAN was obliged to make his appearance in the interval. The reader, who was not present, may guess how unfit these enormous theatres are for sick actors, when we tell him, that although we sat within a short distance from the stage, and are quick of hearing, we could not distinguish above half he said. To be sure, he was, as he said, "exhausted;" but two-thirds of the audience must have been unable to hear properly the whole evening. The upshot is, that we cannot give a proper account of Mr KEAN's speech. We understood him to say that he was very grateful,—exceedingly grateful;—that he should always be so;—and that he wished all the ladies and gentlemen as much pleasure ever afterwards, as they had given him at that moment. It was expected, that he would act again on Wednesday; but "Monday next" only was mentioned, the character the same as last night. We are surprised, by the way, that Mr KEAN chose so trying and loud a one at present. Would not *Shylock* be better? or the finest of all his characters, *Othello?* The season is also against him. We felt for him while lying upon the cold boards on this enormous stage, as if inviting the winds to make his hoarseness worse. The house was full, but not outrageously so.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.A. is received with thanks. Item, the CHESS-PLAYER.

The space will be reserved for the article enquired about last night.

O. G.'s feelings do him credit, but he has not yet learnt the art of putting them into verse.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Franzel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford. Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.
Police Officer, Mr Worrell. Shopmen, Messrs Young and Hutchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANER.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,

SURREY THEATRE.

The Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

[By Mr G. ALMAR.]
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella Manners, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol. Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill. Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
[Between the First and Second Acts, a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.]
Act II.—SUMMER.
Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Mary Blackberry, Mrs Rumens. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Barbelot, Mr Jones. Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor.
Calverdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill. Master Marmaduke Magog, Jun. Master Carbery.

After which a New Drama (from SCRIBE) entitled

BARON TRENCK!

[By Mr OSBALDISTON.]
Victorine, Miss SOMERVILLE. Countess of Hulsdorff, Madame Simon.
Countess of Lewemberg, Mr Rumens.
The Count of Lindonn, Mr Gough. Augustus, Mr EDWIN.
Major Muffleddorff, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Frederick, Baron de Trenck, Mr OSBALDISTON. Boltzheim, Mr Almar.
François Bassontrompdorf, (with a Comic Song) Mr C. Hill.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of

FOREST OF BONDY! OR, THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

Dame Gertrude, Madame Simon. Ursula, Miss Vincent.
The Seneschal, Mr Almar. General Gontran, Mr Gough. Landry, Mr Asbury.
Chevalier Macaire, Mr D. Pitt. Aubri di Mont Didier, Mr C. Hill.
Bertrand, Mr VALE. Eloi, (the Dumb Boy) Mlle. ROSIER.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

First time, a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.

[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs ORGER. Zulina, Mrs WAYLETT.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford
Fra Diavolo, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr HARLEY. Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR.
Lucro, Mr Bedford.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacemo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

After which the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Borouean Islands

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]
Elvira, Miss Byfield. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Masaniello, Mr SINCLAIR. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke.

To-morrow—The Merchant of Venice; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

Tomorrow—Fazio; Married Lovers; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And All Halow Seen.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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